

Euans. O man, art thou Lunatic? Hast thou no vnderstandings for thy Cases, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desire.

Mist. Page. Pre thee hold thy peace.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot.

Eu. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Quies*, and your *Quods*, you must be preaches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel *Mist. Page*.

Mist. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*:
Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Mist. Ford, Mist. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.

Fal. *Mist. Ford*, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my sufferance: I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I profess requitall to a haire bredth, not onely *Mist. Ford*, in the simple office of loue, but in all the accustrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

Mist. Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir *John*.)

Mist. Page. What hoa, gossip *Ford*: what hoa.

Mist. Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir *John*.

Mist. Page. How now (sweet heart) whose at home besides your selfe?

Mist. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mist. Page. Indeed?

Mist. Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Mist. Pag. Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here.

Mist. Ford. Why?

Mist. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so roiles against all married mankind; so curses all *Euans* daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes himselfe on the forehead: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tame-nesse, ciuility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Mist. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was carried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foolerie.

Mist. Ford. How neere is he *Mist. Page*?

Mist. Pag. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mist. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Mist. Page. Why then you are vtterly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then murder.

Mist. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, he come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Mist. Page. Alas: three of *Mr. Fords* brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What shall I do? He creepe vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwaies vse to discharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist. Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neyther Presse, Coffet, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. He go out then.

Mist. Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die Sir *John*, vnlesse you go out disguis'd.

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no woman's gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, deuise something: any extremitie, rather then a mischief.

Mist. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne about.

Mist. Ford. On my word it will serue him: shee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *John*.

Mist. Ford. Go go, sweet Sir *John*: *Mist. Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'll come dresse you straight: put on the gowne the while.

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he sweares shee's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beate her.

Mist. Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mist. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mist. Page. I in good sadnesse is he, and talke of the basket too, how loouer he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford. Wee'll try that: for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but hee'll be heere presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mist. Ford. He first direct direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, he bring linnen for him straight.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet,

We cannot misuse enough:

We'll leaue a prooue by that which we will doo,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not acte that often, iest, and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mist. Ford. Go Sits, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp.

2 Ser. Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 Ser. I hope not, I had lief as beare so much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (*Mr. Page*) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuell be sham'd, What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what honest

nest cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes *M. Ford*: you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed *M. Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither *Mist. Ford*, *Mist. Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the ielious foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (*Mist. Ford*) do I?

Mist. Ford. Heauen be my witness you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said *Brazon-face*, hold it out: Come forth sirrah.

Page. This passes.

Mist. Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Euans. 'Tis vnreasonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is: my Intelligence is true, my ielousie is reasonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Mist. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shall. By my fidelity this is not well *Mr. Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. *Mr. Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is ielousies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to search my house this one time: I find not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as ielous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (*Mist. Page*), come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old woman's that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charms, by Spels, by th' Figure, & such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

Mist. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him strike the old woman.

Mist. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcate, you Runnion, out, out: Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Mist. Page. Are you not asham'd?

I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Mist. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Euans. By yea, and no deede: I like not when a great peard vnder his

Ford. Will you follow low: see but the issue vpon no traile, neuer to

Page. Let's obey him Come Gentlemen.

Mist. Page. Trust me

Mist. Ford. Nay by him most vnpolitically,

Mist. Page. He haue t ore the Altar, it hath do

Mist. Ford. What thi rant of woman-hood, a

Euans. pursue him with a

M. Page. The spirit of of him, if the diuell ha

fine and recovery, he w

waste, attempt vs again

Mist. Ford. Shall we t seru'd him?

Mist. Page. Yes, by a the figures out of your h

in their hearts, the poore

any further afflicted, w

sters.

Mist. Ford. He warrant sham'd, and methinkes

iest, should he not be pub

Mist. Page. Come, to t I would not haue things

Scena

Enter

Bar. Sir, the German horses: the Duke himself and they are going to me

Hof. What Duke the I heare not of him in the

Gentlemen, they speake

Bar. I Sir? He call him

Hof. They shall haue

pay: Ile saue them, they command: I haue turne

must come off, Ile sawce

Scena

Enter Page, Ford,

Ford,

Euans. 'Tis one of the b uer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he send instant?

Mist. Page. VVithin a

Ford. Pardon me (wif I rather will suspect the

Then thee with wanton